

# State Normal Magazine


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## CONTENTS

	PAGE
The Violin (Poem)— <i>Lena Greene</i> , '11 . . . . .	193
The Question— <i>Adelphian</i> . . . . .	194
The Bluet (Poem)— <i>Natalie Nunn</i> , '11 . . . . .	199
Student Government in Our College— <i>Lelia White</i> , '11 . . . . .	200
The First Client— <i>Alice Whitson</i> , '13 . . . . .	203
The Gleam (Poem)— <i>M. J.</i> , '11 . . . . .	206
Henry Jerome Stockard— <i>Margaret E. Johnson</i> , '11 . . . . .	207
The Little Zinc Trunk— <i>Mary K. Brown</i> , '12 . . . . .	210
Mist on the Mountains (Poem)— <i>E. Rose Batterham</i> , '11 . . . . .	217
Abram J. Ryan— <i>Ethel Bollinger</i> , '13 . . . . .	218
Contributors' Club—	
The Dog's Soliloquy— <i>Lelia White</i> , '11 . . . . .	220
Editorial—	
An Open Question . . . . .	221
Notices . . . . .	223
The Point of View—	
Friendship at School— <i>Naomi Schell</i> , '13 . . . . .	224
Exchanges— <i>Margaret Cobb</i> , '12 . . . . .	225
Y. W. C. A.— <i>Mary Walters</i> , '11 . . . . .	228
Society Notes—	
With the Cornelians— <i>Lelia White</i> , '11 . . . . .	230
With the Adelphians— <i>E. Rose Batterham</i> , '11 . . . . .	231
Among Ourselves— <i>Marea Jordan</i> , '11 . . . . .	232
The Sophomore-Freshman Debate— <i>C. M.</i> . . . . .	232
In Lighter Vein— <i>Clyde Fields</i> , '12 . . . . .	234
A Backward Glance at Examinations— <i>M. K. B.</i> . . . . .	234
Magazine Troubles— <i>Kate Owen</i> . . . . .	236
Organizations . . . . .	237
Advertisements	



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# State Normal Magazine

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VOL. XV

GREENSBORO, N. C., JANUARY, 1911

NO. 4

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## The Violin

Lena Greene, '11, Cornelian

Singing, singing, singing, in vibrant soulfulness;  
Dying, dying, dying—pathos 'twould express;  
Swelling, swelling, swelling, to joy almost divine;  
Sighing, sighing, sighing, like murmurs of the pine;  
Trilling, trilling, trilling, like warblers in the tree;  
Fading, fading, fading, like ships gone out to sea.

## The Question

Adelphian

He was never understood, nor was he ever loved, and no one knew that better than himself. His mother, young, gracious, and beautiful, had died at the boy's birth; but his earliest memories were visions of her in his dreams. The stern father, absorbed in the great game of money-making, failed to inspire any livelier feeling than that of awe in the lonely, sensitive child. The stepmother, who came into the home when the boy was four, lavished all her love and care upon her own two children; and the motherless boy, standing afar off, saw, wondered, and rebelled.

He was fourteen when the resolution came to leave a world which ignored him so absolutely. He stood with pale, drawn face, his nerveless fingers fumbling for the trigger of his pistol. Suddenly the weapon clanged upon the floor. He had shut his eyes to see once more his mother's face; but in this hour she had failed him. He seemed engulfed in a cloud of darkness. Falteringly, he moved farther away from the deadly shining thing upon the floor. He flung open the blinds to admit the fresh, sun-warmed air of spring, and momentarily closing his eyes, cried out with joy at beholding again the beloved image. This was the crisis of his boyhood.

He left, soon after, for a preparatory school. Friends were not made easily by the boy because of the reserve which cloaked an almost morbidly sensitive nature; so he bent all his energies upon work. His intellect was remarkably keen, and from the first he moulded his course towards a lawyer's career. He finished college at nineteen, with a record whose brilliancy had seldom been surpassed in the annals of the old state university.

It was during the summer, while he was studying in preparation for his license, that the fever unexpectedly seized him, and for weeks he lay in a mental stupor. He had never known sickness before in his life, but it was mostly a dream,—the hot, feverish nights, the long monotonous days,—a dream with

the mother of his childhood ever hovering above him. It was when the fever left him and he lay wan and feeble, that the old unrelenting spirit of action gripped him and forced him to his feet. He passed his final examination, taking the first honors as was his custom.

Then he went back to the home where he had spent so little, and yet so unhappily, a part of his life. There was no change in the relation between the stepmother and boy,—save that the breach had widened. Her own son had wasted the whole of a four years' course spent at a great northern university. He had gained nothing more than innumerable bad habits which were rapidly undermining him physically and mentally. And this child of her husband's was a constant source of irritation to her. He was good to look upon, a manly fellow, tall, well-built, and forceful despite his weakness of body, but as taciturn and unfathomable to her unsympathetic nature as ever. The father, still engrossed in financial affairs to the exclusion of all else, was the same undemonstrative parent of whom the child had stood in awe.

The fall wore on, and instead of immediately assuming his practice as the boy had expected, he grew weaker daily. Finally he was sent North to a great specialist. An examination was made, and slowly the horror of his condition dawned upon him. He was a victim of the dread disease, tuberculosis. He was given a thread of hope for his recovery, but so slight that it seemed scarcely more than a decree of death. How he rebelled against his fate! Life, before so often deemed a drag, was now so dazzling in its beauty that all emotions paled before the overwhelming longing to secure his just allotment. He had no wish to leave the world now, for he had caught a glimpse of the bright highway of success through the half-open door of futurity. So he went to a famous health resort to take "the cure." Ah, the irony of it! He went with the bitter understanding that in all probability it would not be such for him. Among the mountains, beside the waters of a great lake, he strove, with his five thousand fellow sufferers, for the strength which might carry him back to do a man's work in the world. In his great confusion of soul, his very dreams

were haunted with a vague, suffocating fear. At times he would shriek aloud with the agony of that intangible, impending horror, and awake to cringe before the terrified tones of his own echo. Night and day he suffered from the thoughts of which he vainly tried to rid himself. He yearned, almost hopelessly, for the great throbbing work of the world, with all the life-longing of his intense young nature.

The lake, half-hidden from the hotel by a bend in the road, was the boy's favorite haunt. Here he walked alone on gray days which seemed to retard the passage of the leaden hours, while the guests unanimously chose the indoor amusements which the hotel afforded. But there was little rest for the boy among people. He had never understood them, nor had they him; so he would tramp the winding road by the lakeside and think sad thoughts, and dream strange dreams. If he could but cheat death—that was the burden of his thoughts, but the solution ever eluded his grasp.

He was walking thus at the close of a bitterly cold day, a day which had frozen the restless waters of the lake into stillness. A brisk wind was stirring the naked boughs of the trees, and, in the dusk of twilight, their dark tossing branches made weird shadows against the deepening gray of the sky. The silence was unbroken save by the moan of the wind in the trees, the crackle of bending boughs, and the hollow crunch of the frozen ground beneath the boy's restless feet. Suddenly a faint sound was borne along the wind, and presently the boy became aware of a cheery whistle behind him. He turned for a backward glance along the road which he had just traversed; it was deserted. At that moment a cry shrilled out on the still air,—a child's terrified appeal for help. A glance toward the lake revealed a broken crust of ice—nothing more; but as he looked a dark speck bobbed for a moment above the surface of the water; then, as suddenly, it disappeared.

The boy was running now as he had never run before. He reached the spot as the object rose for the second time, but even as it sank he struck the water and bore the body of a child aloft. The shock of contact with the icy water awoke him to a realization of what he was doing. He had acted upon the spur



of the moment; and now—fool that he was—he had by his own volition thwarted the desire of his life. Recovery would now be an infinitely slower process than the seemingly endless torture which he had already endured. With painful acuteness he saw the inevitable shortening of his days as a result of such exposure in his present condition. As if to increase his misery, the unconscious child spasmodically grasped his neck, bowing him down through the sheer weight of his sturdy little figure. As the terrifying consciousness of his physical weakness smote him, the boy tottered and swayed like a broken reed in the hungry, whispering waters. His brain worked with the rapidity of lightning. His chance to reach the shore unaided, though unencumbered, was slight; but with such a heavy burden it was well-nigh impossible. To drop the child and fight the battle unhampered might mean a fresh grip on life; to spend his slight strength in service would end all. There was a breathless moment of suspense. Shudderingly, he gazed upon the dark, sucking waves below him—his grave yawning wide. He relaxed, ever so slightly, his hold upon the little form. The child hung a helpless weight about his neck.

A wave of protecting tenderness swept over the boy; the frenzied moment in which he had seen an active, though curtailed life ahead, passed. Hot shame that he had contemplated bartering his honor for an uncertain lease on life nerved him into action. He called aloud for help as he fought inch by inch to gain the shore. The icy water reached his armpits and the weight of the unconscious child was swiftly sapping his energy. His numbed limbs moved more and more feebly; sharp stabs of pain shot through his straining muscles. His one thought now was of the child. Self had met an inglorious defeat in that brief but hard struggle. He clasped the little figure closer in his painful advance. Now his foot sank into an unforeseen hollow; again he stumbled forward, sliding upon treacherous rocks; but never did he relax his tense grip upon the small body clasped close to his laboring heart. The ice-clogged water closed about the failing figure; it seemed to gurgle with fiendish glee, as its victim weakened visibly under its benumbing power. The boy's vision became blurred. The

tossing branches seemed to swoop earthward to push him back into that black abyss of waters. The shore seemed miles, rather than yards away. He redoubled his efforts, but his cries and motions alike grew feebler. The spark of hope which he had cherished for the child's safety flared brightly for a moment; then gradually dimmed before his fading consciousness. A few more mechanical, faltering steps, and with one last despairing heave he flung the child upon the sand; but from sheer weakness fell headlong, his emaciated arms encircling the child's sturdy form, although the ice-choked water still lapped about his feet. But he was insensible of this as he was of all else. There had been a brief moment of blackness, and then, the cloud lifting, revealed the face of his dream-mother smiling tenderly at him from a glory of light which his tired soul eagerly sought.

Half a mile further down the road lived the keeper of the boathouse, his wife, and small son. About dusk the child had been sent on an errand to the hotel; but as twilight deepened into night, the parents became uneasy at his prolonged absence, and the father set out in search of the little delinquent. The cold, wintry moon arose, lighting the shadows of earth with her pale beams. Beside the lake the keeper found them,—found the boy still tightly clasping his own little son. The child lay in a half-frozen torpor safely held within the arms of a lifeless figure upon whose lips the smile of perfect peace had settled.



## The Bluet

Natalie Nunn, '11, Cornelian

There are many flowers of varied hue,  
 But none so dainty as this one of blue.  
 The golden daffodil lifts high its head;  
 The violet lies fragrant in low green bed;  
 The rose, in beauty and loveliness fair,  
 Sweet perfume breathes out on the balmy air,—  
     But I love you best, little flower.

Little bluet tender, among the grasses green,  
 O'er hill or in woodland your form's ever seen,  
 In myriads by pathway, beneath shady tree.  
 Your tiny blue petals are but one and three,  
 Spread 'round a center of purest gold—  
 All too small for a dewdrop cold,—  
     But I love you best, little flower.

O, tell me, dear bluet, why your fame's not in song?  
 Why have all poets passed by you so long?  
 Did not he who praised the unsung flowers,  
 See your simple beauty 'neath leafy bowers?  
 Were it mine to praise in rhythmic measure,  
 To make you known would be my pleasure,—  
     For I love you best, little flower.

## Student Government in Our College

Lelia White, '11, Cornelian

This year there has been much discussion on the subject of self-government in the college, and at least one important step was made when representatives from the four regular classes were chosen to constitute a student council. This was only a beginning, but this experiment, as it may be called, was tried to test us, and are we going to be found wanting?

The subject of student self-government is a matter which touches us vitally. It is something for which each of us may work in order to obtain, but have we really come to realize what it means, and are we proving even in the little things that we are capable of governing ourselves?

There is a prevailing opinion among some students that self-government means doing as you like, and that if we get it, our college will be a kind of "do as you please" place where we will not be bound down to "rules." There never was a more false impression. When the important day comes in which we have student government, we will find that then, more than ever, we have to live up to the best that is in us and abide by the highest law and order. But after all, that person is the freest who abides by the law, and until we learn this seemingly contradictory but powerful truth, we are not ready for student government.

There are three ways in which we may prove ourselves worthy of self-government and show at least that we are trying to do what is expected of us. The first is by self-control in the things of every-day life; the second, by showing the proper respect to the authority of those who have been delegated by us to be our representatives and be responsible in a measure for our conduct; and third, by our not being afraid to stand up for the best law and order.

When we come to the subject of self-control, we should think deeply. In our college it is especially necessary that we learn this, for here by far the great majority of us are preparing ourselves to be teachers, and how can we ever govern others until we have learned to control ourselves? Self-control

is one of the watchwords of modern education, and it is all important that we as future teachers should learn to exercise it. We are too easily excited and have not yet learned to curb our feelings and excitement when outside things enter our college life. This year criticism has been made of the spirit of restlessness which pervades our college. It is true we cannot help but catch the spirit of hustling which permeates our state and national life, but we are here not to live in a state of excitement, but to learn to control ourselves so as to be able to stand up against these things when we go out in the world. At times we might compare the school to Pandora's box. Just as soon as we are given our liberty, just as soon as the lid is raised a little, we are like so many ills trying to get out, and we work ourselves up to such a state of excitement that it is hard to settle into the routine of work again. And here enters in the subject of our conduct at chapel exercise. Will we never learn to make this the sacred, impressive service that it should be?

Next to this important subject, we should consider the question of respect for authority and position. When we elect a girl to represent us and stand for us, we are granting her authority and should respect it. Sometimes you see girls who refuse to be corrected by others, because the former argues that the latter has broken rules. Well, if we were not willing to respect her authority we should never have granted it to her, and the question of the conduct of the girl in authority should be settled by herself. She should realize that honors bring responsibilities and that she is an example to others. It is absolutely necessary that we learn to respect authority before we can ever govern ourselves, and it is also necessary that we realize that when we are honored with a position of authority we are examples to others.

And this leads us to the third important subject. In no way can we show self-control better than in taking a certain position and standing by it. If we ever expect to have any power granted to us, we must first show that we know how to stand for law and order.

There is one thing especially which we must learn, and that is the relation which we bear toward one another. We

are a community of people, and it is a false thing to say that each one is a law unto herself, or that each one may do what she pleases, just so she does not disturb someone else. We must learn to respect the rights of others, but we must also remember that we exert an influence at all times, whether we wish to or not, and what may be all right for one may cause another person to stumble, therefore we must have laws to govern all alike. Self-government does not mean that there will be no rules and regulations, but it simply means that we are taking upon ourselves the business of seeing that these rules are kept.

Another thing we must learn, and that is, to deal frankly with each other. Let us put down our personal feelings and let our reason govern us. Keep our emotions out of it when we see that correction is needed. If we do this, it is possible for us to create a sentiment that will be worth something toward self-government.

What are we going to do about this? Shall we go on saying that we would rather be watched, or show that we are able to obey rules because it is right and because we know they are for our good?

## The First Client

Alice Whitson, '18, Cornelian

The dingy little office was still, with a silence almost that of desertion. A large bookcase, with rows of dusty-looking volumes, filled one side of the room, while the corner nearest the single window held a huge, old fashioned desk, piled high with books and papers. A young man, who now and then rustled the leaves of a rusty old book in front of him, or moved impatiently in his chair, sat at the desk. Once he walked to the window, scattering several papers as he did so. Coming back to the desk he picked up a letter and read aloud, "'J. M. Parker, attorney-at-law.' Well, he won't be long, if this keeps up. I can make a dollar a day as a street sweeper and that's better than starving."

He had just dropped into his seat again, when the door opened suddenly to admit a young man, handsome, but with marks of dissipation showing plainly, even in the dimly lighted room. He closed the door with a kind of nervous haste, and came quickly to the desk. The young attorney rose, and recovering from his surprise, offered his visitor a chair. With a tremulous sigh, the young man sank into it without a word.

None of those learned speeches with which he had planned to greet his client came to the mind of the young lawyer now, and it was some time before the silence was broken. When the words of the visitor finally came, they were more like the confession of a penitent than the story of a client to his counsel. His voice was low and indistinct, but the lawyer understood from his words that, angry over an answer he considered insolent, the young fellow had shot a neighbor's tenant.

"He was on my father's land," he said, "and when I told him he couldn't cut wood there, he said it was none of my business, and he should cut where Dr. Farland had told him to. I told him I was Prof. Moore's son and ordered him again to go on. The fellow called me a fool, and told me to take care of my own affairs. I— You wouldn't have taken such abuse from a servant," and the young fellow flushed angrily



as he spoke. "No one was near us in the woods," he went on, "and my pistol was in my hand, where I had been practicing, and—well, I shot—and—he fell, all bloody,—I didn't expect to hit him,—and,—I left him there."

The boy, for he was hardly more, shuddered in spite of his bravado, as he ended. Mr. Parker was silent for an instant; it was all so unexpected, so terrible. The boy saw his hesitation and exclaimed, "You must help me! This will kill my mother. I am afraid to go to anyone else."

The other was startled, and undecided. The family was a prominent one, and he would have liked to serve the boy. There had been no provocation, however, for such a deed as the boy had described, and no one could win such a case. There was little time for deliberation, however.

"I can't take this," he said, speaking quickly, in his anxiety to get the young fellow away. "I couldn't help you, if I did. But I will say nothing of this—affair. The eastern train leaves in ten minutes. There is still time. Go."

Without a word, the young man rose and left the room, his hand over his eyes as if dazed.

The whole county of Westland was in a stir. Dr. Farland's coachman had been found, shot twice through the head, in the woods between his master's home and that of Prof. Donald Moore. No trace of the murderer could be found, and no one noticed the embarrassment of the youngest member of the bar, when the matter was discussed at an informal meeting of their association a few days later. On the day the body was found, Clayton Moore, Prof. Moore's youngest son, became suddenly ill and it was decided best that he remove to the seashore. By the time the murder had ceased to be wondered at, and talked of, Clayton Moore, too, was almost forgotten in Westland County.

Twenty years later, as Judge Parker drove up to the new courthouse at W—, with his host, a good-looking man of perhaps forty years turned the corner in a handsome trap. His dark face looked almost sallow in the bright glare of the sun, and as he passed the odor of wine came to them.

"Who is that man?" asked the judge, turning to his friend.



"Why, that is Mr. John Clayton," was the answer. "You will find him one of the most influential men of the town. He owns the largest estate in the county. He is said to be engaged to your friend, Miss Mary Hampton, too."

"Where does Miss Hampton live now?" asked the other "I have a message for her, and am anxious to see her."

"We have passed the house, but can go this afternoon, if you like."

"Very well," said the judge as they parted at the court house door. "Call for me at three, as I will be here until that time."

That afternoon Mr. Parker found Miss Hampton quite as charming as a young lady as she had been lovable as a child. Several friends were with her, and the conversation turned to a discussion of the life of a lawyer. They naturally appealed to the eminent jurist for an opinion.

"It certainly must be as full of peculiarities as any other," he answered, "and it is just twenty years since I received my first client. Ladies, you may be surprised, as I was, but my first client was a self-confessed murderer. I refused the case and have never known what became of him, as he was never heard of again."

"How terrible!" exclaimed Miss Hampton, and at the same instant the servant announced, "Mr. John Clayton." A second later the gentleman they had met in the morning entered.

"This is Judge Parker, Mr. Clayton," said Miss Hampton.

"Why, this is Mr. Parker," exclaimed the gentleman, almost at the same instant. "Who would have expected to see you here? Though I am afraid you do not remember me. Ladies," he added, turning to the others, "I was Mr. Parker's first client, and I promise you my case was an unusual one."

Mary Hampton looked startled but incredulous. "It is impossible, John, you are mistaken!" she exclaimed.

"Why, no—what—what does all this mean?" he said in wonder, as they all shrank from him. Then he turned threateningly on the judge. "You have not told of that case?" Then, "Mary, you do not believe this?"

But he saw from their faces what had happened, and, his countenance dark and forbidding, he flung himself from the room with an oath, and they heard the swift clatter of his horse's hoofs as he rode away. His flight was safe, for the judge would reveal no more of the secret and Mary pitied him too much to have him followed up.

John Clayton was never heard of again, but many years afterward, while ambassador to England, Mr. Parker was called to see a countryman of his who had been injured in a duel. Afterward, when questioned about the visit he seemed disturbed, and never mentioned it of his own accord. Mary Hampton, who was still a warm friend of Mr. Parker, was the only one who noticed that the newspaper description of the duelist was much like her one-time lover.

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## The Gleam

M. J., '11, Cornelian

On an old and crumbled wall,  
Now the long grey shadows fall  
    As sinks the sun;  
On an old man's frame of clay,  
Creep the shades of death all day—  
    His work is done.  
But before the night shall hold  
And the shades of darkness fold  
    Them in embrace,  
On the wall there comes a beam  
From the setting sun's last gleam,  
And the features of the dead  
Shed a glory 'round his bed  
    With smiles of grace.

## Henry Jerome Stockard

Margaret E. Johnson, '11, Adelphian

In order to understand the works of a poet and to get the best out of them, it is well to know something of his life,—to be able to recall the scenes that he has lived among; to understand his griefs and his joys, his sorrows and his pleasures; to realize his struggles, his defeats and his victories. Then, indeed, may we read his poetry with true understanding and just appreciation. This is true of all poets, but of no one is it more so than of Henry Jerome Stockard, a son of whom North Carolina may be justly proud.

Stockard was born in Chatham County, on the fifteenth day of December, 1858. His father was a farmer and a lumber dealer, a man respected and honored by all who knew him; his mother, Mary Johnson Stockard, came from a good old Revolutionary family. For generations both his father's and mother's families have been noted for their bravery, courage and sterling worth. The earliest American ancestor of the poet was his great-great-grandfather, James Stockard, who came from Germany. During the War of the Revolution he was a noted soldier, as was also some of the Trousdale's, a daughter of whose family he married. John Stockard, a grandfather of the poet, was a captain in the War of 1812, and he later served his State for sixteen terms as a Representative from Orange County. Among his mother's kinsmen are numbered soldiers, teachers and statesmen. One of these, Robert Morrison, the poet's uncle, was recognized as one of the ablest financiers in the west. Another, Dr. William Johnson, was the editor of a magazine known as "The Spirit of the Age," and was also distinguished as an author and a lecturer.

In his immediate family, the poet was among the youngest of a large number of boys and girls. While he was still a small boy his father moved to Alamance County, where he died when Henry was only twelve years of age. This left a heavy burden on the mother's shoulders which the young son tried to lighten in every way that he could. One of the beautiful things of

his life is the love that he bore to his strong, capable mother, to whose influence he owes much of his most beautiful poetry and many of his highest inspirations. To all who knew her she was a spirit of cheeriness and goodness. It is said that one felt her smile rather than saw it. In one of his most beautiful works her poet-son bears tribute to the place that she filled in the family:

“We’re all at home—John Wesley, Little Jane—  
Dead long ago, and the boy soldiers twain  
That sleep by purling streams or old stone wall  
In some far off and unknown grave—  
We’re all at home with mother, heartache gone and pain.”

Stockard’s early home has been described as being much like Dickens’ Bleak House. To the northwest the country stretches for miles without a tree to break its monotony. Nearby, on the west, is a clump of dark pines, standing like a square of tall soldiers, and between this and the house lies a meadow filled with all the wild flowers of the South. Here violets, lilies and woodbines mingle, making a soft, rich carpet of many hues. Towards the north there is almost a jungle; here the ghostly hoot of the owl is heard, and in the darkening twilight the mournful cry of the whip-poor-will floats on the dying breeze.

While a boy, Stockard attended Graham High School, after which he went to Chapel Hill, where he took special courses. Here his genius rapidly developed under the inspiring teaching of Dr. Hume. At Elon College he won the degree of Master of Arts and distinguished himself in his literary ability.

After leaving Elon he began teaching in the schools of Alamance. Several years later he was made principal of Graham High School and then county superintendent. In these offices his ability was so marked that he was soon made assistant professor of English at the State University of North Carolina. In several years, however, he went to take a position as professor at Fredericksburg College, Virginia, and some time later became professor of Latin in Peace Institute, Raleigh. So well did he fill this last office that in 1907 he was made president of the institution. During this time and up to the pres-

ent, he has been a frequent contributor to the leading magazines of the country.

Notwithstanding his many successes, for this poet the whole world seems to be contained in the one word home. He has been married twice, at first in 1878 to Miss Sallie J. Holleman, "a noble Christian woman," and again in 1890 to Miss Margaret Lulu Tate. In his second wife he has found a companion in all things. She is a woman of fine intellectuality and has been an inspiration to her husband in all his works.

In the sonnet, his favorite mould of verse, Stockard is a perfect master. Here, as indeed in all of his poetry, he displays his character most plainly. In the poem, "Over Their Graves," he gives expression to his sentiment regarding the war between the North and South:

"We love our dead where'er so held in thrall,  
Than they, no Greek more bravely died, nor Gaul  
A love that's deathless,—but they look today  
With no reproaches on us when we say,  
Come, let us clasp our hands, we're brothers all,  
Over their graves."

Stockard, like all poets, is of a highly imaginative nature. He loves to soar with the clouds, sail over the mountain tops, and mingle with the elements of the air. His disposition is also slightly pervaded with melancholy and this shows in many of his poems.

In politics Stockard is a Democrat. He belongs to the order of the Knights of Pythias and is a member of the Presbyterian Church. Among his large circle of acquaintances he numbers many friends, for his capacity for friendship is large. He possesses a boundless share of sympathy, loyalty and sincerity. Toward all people he is always helpful and cheering. It is characteristic of him that he should take for his philosophy of life the phrase, "The better is the enemy of the best."

With his beautiful description of night in the "Review of the Dead," as an example of his great descriptive power, we will conclude this short sketch of his life:

" 'Twas night. A lurid light made field and wood seem of  
some other world.  
Before the rising wind the vapors whirled,  
Wild, spectre-like; and in deep gulfs afar star after star  
Shone fugitive; the white moon shimmered through  
The clouds that flew."



## The Little Zinc Trunk

Mary K. Brown, '12, Cornelian

The little country school had just closed for the Christmas holidays, and Emma and Henry Lane were looking forward with the greatest pleasure to their vacation, for they were going to the city. Emma was a pretty, rosy-cheeked country girl, who had just passed her eighteenth summer; Henry, two years her senior, was not so awkward and gawky-looking as country boys usually are. They lived only twenty miles from Tuckerville, the county seat, but traveling in those days was not as easy as it is now, and they had never accepted their cousin's invitation to come and spend a Christmas with them.

It had been decided, however, that they should take advantage of their opportunity that year, and for months Emma had been making over old clothes, and getting what new ones she could afford. All preparations had been made for departure on the third day before Christmas. The night before, Emma had taken great pleasure in packing her little zinc trunk, and had not forgotten to put in her diamond earrings. But when the appointed morning came, much to the sorrow of all concerned, the weather was exceedingly threatening. The clouds were lowering, and a cold mist fell. Mrs. Lane did not want them to start on such a morning, but they insisted on going. So Tim, the colored boy, hitched up to the big two-horse wagon, and drove around to the front door. The little zinc trunk was lifted in, and a valise containing Henry's Sunday suit. Henry and Emma got in, while their mother put numerous wraps and umbrellas in the wagon. As they drove off, Mrs. Lane said in her sweet, soft tones, "Take care of yourselves, children, and Emma, *don't* lose the earrings. I don't know but what you'd better take them out of the trunk."

They had not gone very far before it began to rain hard, and they were tempted to turn back. But Tim said it was just a "quittin' off shower," so they kept on. By dinnertime they had reached the river, a distance of ten miles. It had evidently been raining a great deal in this section, for the river was far above normal. It looked a little risky to try to ford,



so Henry had Tim to unhitch one of the horses and ride in to see how deep it was. The water came up to the horses' sides, but these adventurous young people were not to be daunted.

"You better let me tie dat dar wagon bed on, Misser Henry," said Tim, hitching up the horse again, "ef you don' hit shore will float off."

"That's useless," replied Henry. "But, Tim, you can get on one of the horses and maybe you can guide them better."

So Tim got on old Mike's back and in they rode. They had not gone very far when they heard a splitting sound under the wagon.

"O, we'se shore gone now!" cried Tim. "I knowed dat dar couplin'-pole warn't strong."

But this wasn't the only calamity. The wagon bed began to rise above the frame, and soon Tim with the horses and fore part of the wagon was making for the further shore, while Henry and Emma were left to their peril with the bed and hind part of the wagon. The current was swift and carried them with it. They were indeed in a dangerous plight and they realized it. The situation seemed still more perilous when one of the wheels struck a large rock, and jolted the wagon bed off its frame. The swift river now bore them at a rapid rate down its stream, and the hind wheels whirled by them "ker-slooche, ker-slooche." One wave carried them up, another down. It seemed every minute that the wagon-boat would be capsized.

In the meantime Tim had reached the land safely, and was yelling at the top of his voice, "Lord, have mercy on dem poor chillern and save 'em! What will dey mammy say?"

As luck would have it they were driven near a small island, already covered by water, and as they sailed by Henry caught to an overhanging branch and held to it with all his might.

Tim, seeing this chance of escape, cried loudly, "Hold on, massa, hold on tight! I'se comin' fer to rescue you and Mis' Emmie." Whether Henry heard these words or not, for the water made such a loud roaring sound, he knew what Tim was up to. He had unhitched Mike, the most trusted horse, and was coming toward them. As soon as he reached the side of

the boat, Emma, taking no thought of the race question, got up behind him as fast as her hoopskirt would allow her.

"Jes' keep on hol'ing to dat air lim' sah," said Tim, as old Mike turned and began splashing to the shore. "I'se comin' ater you, jes' as soon as I can git Mis' Emmie landed."

Tim got to the shore safely with Emma, and started after Henry, whose hands had almost given out by this time.

"Hurry, Tim!" he yelled. "I can't anchor here much longer, and the water is rising fast."

"We'se coming, me and Mike," answered Tim. "I knows de poor boy can't stan' dat suspender no longer."

But at this point Mike became frightened, refused to be guided and made for the opposite shore as fast as he could. Henry could hold to the branches no longer, for the waters were beating heavily upon the sides of the wagon. He was not an excellent swimmer, but as this seemed his only chance, he plunged into the water and swam to the nearest shore. But even this state of affairs was at best disheartening; Henry, Tim and one horse on one side of the river; Emma and the other horse on the opposite side. It would have been a perplexing situation even for older people, and these young adventurers were dumfounded. So they stood on the bank, not knowing what to do. It continued to rain, the river continued to rise, the waves became more billowy, and it would have been exceedingly dangerous for anyone to go into the water. Henry and Tim gazed at each other, wondering what could be done.

"If we only knew there was a house on that side of the river where Emma could stay all night," said Henry, "by morning the river will be down if it doesn't rain any more."

"Yas, sir; if we only knew," answered Tim. "Pity we aint better 'quainted with this here country."

While they were thus debating, their attention was attracted by an old woman who came running toward them. Her hair was flying wildly in the air, she was wringing her hands, and screaming at the top of her voice, "Don't go in that water, don't! I had a cow to get drowned there once." When she came near enough Henry told her quickly of the plight they were in, and asked her if there was a house on the other side of the river near enough for his sister to reach before

dark, for it was then about three in the afternoon. She told him there was a house about a mile off and she knew the people would treat his sister kindly, and that he and Tim could stay at her house.

So Henry yelled to Emma, patiently waiting on the opposite bank, told her the plans for the night and gave her directions about how to find the house. She could barely hear his voice, for the waves were roaring loudly. But at last, after much difficulty, she understood.

Emma had a hard time trying to reach her destination. She had to go through old fields, across fences, and it was bad enough trying to walk in soaking wet clothes, but it was worse still when she mired up in mud almost to her knees. She had to lead the horse, for he was not very gentle, and she was afraid to get on his back. Just about dark, away out in an old field, she came to a little cabin. This must be the house at which she was to spend the night, so she went to the door and knocked. A fleshy, good-natured looking woman came to the door and asked her in. Emma stood in the door holding her horse by the rein, and briefly told her story. She asked the privilege of spending the night, which was readily granted.

"John," said the woman, "come and take the lady's horse and put him up fer the night."

At this command, a small, miserly looking old man moved lazily from his seat before the big blazing fire and came to take care of the horse.

"You must put on some dry clothes, my child," said Mrs. Cooper, for that was the name of Emma's hostess; "and you better do it while John is out, fer you see we aint got but one room."

Emma was glad enough to get into some of Mrs. Cooper's clothes, even though they were twice too large for her. Then Mrs. Cooper set some of her coarse rations out on the table. Emma had eaten nothing since early that morning, and this food was not so bad.

By this time Mr. Cooper had returned from the barn, and they sat before the fire, while Emma told of their narrow escape in detail.

"Poor child, your finery 'll be ruint, won't it?" said Mrs. Cooper, sympathetically, when Emma had finished.

"I don't care about my clothes so much," replied Emma; "it's my diamond earrings. They've been handed down so long, you know, and they're very valuable. I'm afraid the trunk 'll be lost, and my diamonds with it. It had lodged between some rocks when we left, the wagon bed had, and the trunk was still in it."

Mr. Cooper seemed especially interested as to the place of the accident. Emma did not fancy his looks; she thought he had an evil eye. When Emma had told everything possible about the adventure, Mrs. Cooper said drowsily, "Well, John, I reckon it's time to go to bed." At this John mildly left the room and said nothing.

"You ken sleep in that bed over in that corner," she said, speaking to Emma, "and John, me and him 'll sleep over here."

After the two women had retired Mr. Cooper stole in and quietly got into his bed. Although Emma was exhausted, she could not sleep. She could think of nothing but the day's events. Their cousins were expecting them that night and there was no way to send a message. Their mother might get a rumor of their misfortune and be very uneasy about them. And her earrings! What would her mother say if they should be lost! Her thoughts were now interrupted by whispering in the opposite corner. This frightened her, for she was afraid her host and hostess were planning to do her some evil. Presently she heard the door open and someone left the room. While wondering what this meant, she went to sleep, and when she awoke it was light.

While Emma was having these experiences on one side of the river, Henry and Tim were having similar ones on the other side. Henry wrote to his mother, telling her of their narrow escape, but that they at last "came out the big end of the horn."

When morning came it brought with it a clear day. Henry and Tim hurried down to the river to see if they could cross. It had gone down considerably, and it seemed safe to ford this time. The wagon bed had moved from its lodging place

between the rocks and had floated to the opposite shore. The trunk and valise were still in it. The hind part of the wagon had come to the side where Henry and Tim were, and was stuck fast in the sand.

"I reckon we had better try to get things together," said Henry, viewing the situation. "Tim, you get on the horse and go over to the other side. Emma will come soon with the other horse; then you can hitch them to the fore part of the wagon and come over again and get the hind part. In the meantime, I'm going to the lady's house and pay her for keeping us through the night."

"Yas, sah," replied Tim, "an' while I'se waitin' fer Mis' Emmie, I'll git a new couplin'-pole."

When Henry returned to the bank, Tim had put the wagon together, and was waiting to carry him across. On reaching the opposite side they found Emma taking her clothes from her trunk, and squeezing the water from them. When the last garment had been removed, she sat bewildered.

"What's the matter, Emma?" asked Henry. "Aren't they fit to wear in the city?"

Emma sat still, and said nothing.

"Oh, cheer up, Emma," he said. "We've got to go to the city. Your cousins will let you have some clothes if yours won't do."

"Yas, Mis' Emmie, shore dey will," put in Tim. "Let's don't turn back on 'count ob de clo'es."

"It's not my clothes," said Emma, finally; "it's my earrings—they're not here."

"Lord, Mis' Emmie," exclaimed Tim, "I done thought 'bout dem earrings last night, and dreamt I seed 'em floatin' out!"

"What shall I do, Henry?" said Emma, between her sobs. "What will mother say?"

"They couldn't get out of that trunk," said Henry, "when nothing else did. Shake all your clothes again."

Emma took up each piece and shook it carefully, but no earrings appeared.

"I can't face mother without them," sobbed Emma. "She didn't much want me to bring them, but I thought they'd be



so nice to wear in the city. If I had only left them at home—I wish we hadn't come."

"Emma," said Henry thoughtfully, "those earrings could not have got out of that trunk unless they were taken out."

Tim, who during this conversation had been gazing into the water as if expecting to see the earrings come floating by, now said earnestly, "I wus comin' to that conclusion too, and I jes' been tryin' to figger out who it could 'er been."

"Oh, then, let's try to find them," said Emma, and her face brightened up a bit.

Henry was in a deep study. "Who was it you stayed with last night, Emma?"

"A Mr. and Mrs. Cooper," replied Emma, "and they were very kind to me."

"When we left the shore yesterday," mused Henry, "the wagon bed was in the middle of the river, lodged between rocks. Strange how it floated to this shore. Did they know, Emma, that you had any valuable possessions in your trunk?"

"Oh, I see what you're after!" exclaimed Emma. "Yes, they did. I told them about my earrings and how I prized them. It's very clear now. They got them. I didn't like that man's looks anyway—and he got up and went somewhere during the night. Let's go to their house, Henry."

"It looks very suspicious," replied Henry. "The water did not cause that trunk lid to swell and come off; it was prized off. Come, Tim, let's put the bed on the wagon, and visit the Coopers."

As they drove off Emma said mournfully, "Oh, my earrings, I would give five hundred dollars for them now."

At this Tim ran his hand in his pocket, pulled out something, and handed it to Emma, saying joyfully, "All right, Mis' Emmie, give me your money. I wan't spectin' to git more 'an half dat 'mount."



## **Mist on the Mountains**

E. Rose Battleham, '11, Adelpian

The mist upon the mountains high  
Clings gently to each ridge and peak,  
Like filmy clouds dropt from the sky,  
Or tiny lambs that rest in sleep.

But when dark rain-clouds shadow all,  
And angry winds then sweep the land,  
Over the heights a heavy pall  
Is spread by some protecting hand.

Sometimes long fingers of white mist  
Clasp every ridge with dampening hold;  
While one high peak is gently kissed  
By a lost cloud with touch so cold.

## Abram J. Ryan

Ethel Bollinger, '13, Cornelian

"The South claims him as her son, and rightly so, because his heart beat in such sympathy with her hopes and her aspirations; but the entire country claims him as its poet, and unites in doing honor to his memory." It is seldom that a tribute such as the above can be paid to the memory of a man, but this is the beautiful expression of a country's love and esteem for the Southern poet, Abram J. Ryan.

"Father Ryan," as he is more generally known, was born in Norfolk, Virginia, about 1840. His early training at home was supervised by his mother, the loveliest of Christian women, She so directed his life that his future greatness of character was undoubtedly due to her holy influence over him. In later life, he expressed his great love for her in the dedication of his poems thus: "I lay the simple rhymes as a garland of love at her feet."

When Abram was about eight years old he moved with his parents to St. Louis, where he entered school under the training of the "Brothers of the Christian School." Here, his unassuming and modest amiability won him countless friends among the students and teachers. His teachers, recognizing a religious bent in his nature, urged him to choose the priesthood as a vocation. He was willing and even glad to accept this calling, and after completing his studies here with honors, he entered the ecclesiastical seminary, at Niagara, New York. A few years later he graduated, again with honors, and began life as a missionary.

At the outbreak of the Civil War he entered the army as a chaplain in the Confederate ranks. Like everything else that he undertook, he was faithful to the cause to the last. He endured hardships with the soldiers, and risked his life for them in the prisons, where deadly diseases were raging. When the surrender came, at Appomattox, he wrote his immortal poem, "The Conquered Banner;" and later, when yellow fever swept over the South, his "Reunited," in acknowledgment of

the sympathy which the North displayed towards the South. Someone has said of the latter, "Thus it was the angel of charity and the angel of affliction joined hands together, and pronounced the benediction over a restored Union and a reunited people."

After the war, "Father Ryan" moved to Augusta, Georgia, where he edited a newspaper. He led a very active life, gaining fame as an orator, lecturer, essayist, and poet, but the work of editing the newspaper was too confining and exacting, and he sold the paper after a few years.

In 1870 he was called as pastor to St. Mary's Church, in Mobile, Alabama. After thirteen years of service, he asked to be allowed to make a lecture tour for a charitable institution. His health failed soon after, however, and he was obliged to retire to a Franciscan monastery to rest.

He has been described by a friend as he looked at this time. He was of medium height, with broad shoulders, and he had a very massive head. His face had a sad, worn expression, but withal a calm and peaceful one, as of someone who had fought many battles with self, and had finally been the conqueror. "His large, deep set and dark eyes were luminous with the splendor of a richly endowed soul."

"Father Ryan" did not dread death, and when he was told, just after he entered the monastery to rest, that he must prepare for death, he answered that he had "prepared for that long years ago." Death came shortly after to take him to his long rest.

The best appreciation of his poetry is expressed in these lines:

His poetry

"Gushed from his heart  
As showers from the clouds of summer,  
Or tears from the eyelids start."

His poems were marked by their simple sublimity, and for their qualities which invariably appealed to the human heart. He it was who came nearest the heart of the South, with his war poems. He was essentially the "Poet of the Lost Cause." He had no further motive, in writing, than to "lay his productions upon the twin altars of Patriotism and Religion."



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## Contributors' Club

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### **The Dog's Soliloquy**

Lelia White '11, Cornelian

The little cream-colored dog with brown spots lay down by the radiator near the entrance of the Students' Building, and stretching out his fore paws put his nose on them. He had just come down from chapel, and felt disposed to soliloquize:

"This is a funny place," he thought. "I went to chapel a few minutes ago to see what it was like. I don't believe I will go any more. The girls seemed to enjoy everything there, however. They chattered like magpies from the time they entered the building until the last bell rang. It was a rather noisy crowd to my way of thinking. At first they ran here and there talking and showing letters and papers. Then little by little they drew near the region of their seats and I learned that this was done so that they could make a safe dash for them when the signal was given to count the students.

"I guess the girls are right good here, for when the people on the stage said things to them they commented to each other. When this was over, I saw them ducking their heads down in funny fashion, but found they were getting out song books. Then the music began and we all howled. That's when I made my hit, for they were all interested in me. I could tell by the way they did.

"I found out a great deal today. I was interested in the man by the piano who had the little stick. He was waving it in the air when I decided to go up on the stage. I believe they call it directing the music. However, he very soon began directing me off the stage. It's a very useful little stick. I am glad I don't go to such places every day. It's too noisy for me."

And the little dog yawned and trotted out the door and down the steps.



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# State Normal Magazine

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Almost from the beginning, this College has had two secret organizations among the students, the Adelpian and Cornelian Literary Societies. Only recently has the question of opening these societies been discussed, and then not to any great extent. This is undoubtedly something in which every girl is intensely interested, for what in her whole college life is nearer and dearer than her society? Any possible suggestion for benefiting it and for increasing its field of work is certainly one that deserves consideration. During the past years of their existence, the societies have undoubtedly held a large and useful place in the college. It is impossible to speak specifically, but in general they have striven to uphold the true spirit of right living in college and to broaden the outlook of every girl, both socially and intellectually. The question that natu-



rally arises is, whether their usefulness would be materially increased by having the officers and discussions generally known. A great deal may be said on both sides.

One great thing in favor of open societies is that the efficiency of both officers and committees would be much greater were they not continually hampered and impeded by their efforts to conceal who they are and what they are doing from the other society. A great deal of time and energy is thus wasted, in evading observation, that might be expended to some purpose in actual work. Again, it is claimed that an atmosphere of secrecy is injurious to good morals, since in some cases, at least, it leads to prying and the inordinate exercise of idle curiosity.

On the one hand, there is likely to be an overlapping of work; on the other, there is the danger of open rivalry.

As the societies stand at present, there is certainly no lack of enthusiasm and interest manifested by the members. However, should the societies be thrown open, it is very likely that this interest and love would grow less; for it is, perhaps, the little feeling of ownership and exclusiveness which the touch of secrecy gives that spurs us on. Certainly this much may be said, that nearly always where it has been tried, the societies that were secret have been much more alive and wide awake before they were opened. Also, it is possibly true that under the present circumstances we keep our standards higher than we would otherwise; since we do not know what our neighbors are doing and are constantly on the alert lest they surpass us.

Moreover, in a case like this we have not only ourselves and those who come after us to consider, but those who have gone before us also. They love the society and are a part of it as well as we, and we cannot afford to estrange them by giving to the world what they have come to regard as exclusively their own.

This article does not purport to be original; it is merely a reflection of the opinions of those who have given the matter some consideration. What do you think about it? And do not stop with thinking,—talk about it, write about it. We want the best for our societies.



We wish to correct an error that was made in a past issue of the Magazine. In the November number

**NOTICES**      the little rhyme, "My Latin, 'tis of thee,"  
was not written by Lillian Crisp. We re-

gret that we do not know the author.

If anyone has a copy of the Normal Magazine for January, 1910, that she would be willing to sell, please send it to the editor-in-chief. A copy is very much desired.





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## The Point of View

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### Friendship at School

Naomi Schell, '13, Adelphian

Friendship is, in its true sense, one of the most pleasing and sacred relations one person can bear another. Of all places, possibly a boarding school is one of the best to form lasting and true friendships. If this is so, friendships between two girls should certainly not be made light of, as is often done here at the Normal.

For a long time there has been a great deal of talk among the girls of "cases," and "smits." Some have carried this to a ridiculous extreme. For instance, one Sunday evening two girls walked up the hall of Spencer Building together. The next morning it was reported that they were "cases." This is really disgusting to thinking girls, and surely we ought to have none here who do not come in that class.

Not only is this nonsense a waste of time and breath, but it is doing real harm. Some girls have been made fairly miserable by being teased about someone else. Two girls, whom I know, became very fond of each other, and were together often. Not long afterward, girls began to call them "cases," and to tease them about each other. This was continued until the so-called "cases" began to avoid each other, and now they hardly speak when they meet on the walks. This is an instance where a promising friendship was practically broken up, and two girls made unhappy.

If the girls will just stop a minute, and think of how they should like to lose their friends in this way (as several have), they will be more careful of how they speak. And when our girls begin to do this, the general atmosphere of our college will become much purer.



## Exchanges

Margaret Cobb, '12, Adelprian

There is so much excellent poetry in this month's magazines that we feel too much time could not be wasted on it; so we are spending all of ours in that direction. There are poems of all kinds and descriptions, all of them unusually good. One thing in particular is noticeable, and that is the nice proportion of subjects kept in every magazine. Poems of love, nature, philosophy, the seasons, are all so well grouped that just the poems alone would make almost any of the magazines worth while.

Some magazines did fall short on poems, and the Park School Gazette did not have a single bit of verse, but by far the majority had very enjoyable contributions. "At Twilight," in *The Palmetto*, is just as pretty a picture as one could want. "The Isle of Rest," in the *Guilford Collegian*, leads us on in its restful dream until the air-castle becomes a veritable reality, while *Tileston Topics*, in "This World of Ours," bids you wake up. Of course the greatest proportion was of Christmas thoughts. "A Christmas Wish" and "At Christmas Time," in *Chimes from Shorter*, leave a very kindly Christmas spirit in their wake, giving place to the timely warning against the mistletoe branch that "Danger" in *The Palmetto* gives—and now we want to give the best poem of all we have read:

### Merry Christmas

'Tis Christmas day—all joy to you!

The north winds laugh and sing,  
The ground is white with glistening snow,  
And the hemlocks, waving to and fro,  
Smile on the happy world below,  
And Christmas bells ring.

'Tis Christmas day—happiness to you!

Great joy to earth it brings,  
The heart is light, put by all care,  
Let peace take place of dull despair,  
For Christmas cheer is everywhere,  
And the Christmas bell rings.

### **Ourselves as Others See Us**

“Upon glancing over our exchanges this month, the pretty cover of the State Normal Magazine immediately attracts our attention. Between its covers neither quantity nor quality is lacking. ‘A Glimpse of Madeira and Algiers’ is realistic and well told. The short but vivid description of the two places mentioned, and the trip in general, makes one almost feel as if one was a member of the sightseeing party. ‘Sara Thinks’ is a splendid story of a college girl who for the first time sees her selfishness. The other stories are good. However, in this issue of the Normal Magazine the lack of poetry is noticeable. Perhaps the poetic talent is only lying dormant and will burst forth in its real splendor in the later magazines.”—*The Guilford Collegian*.

“The State Normal Magazine has a binding so charming that one feels it would cover a multitude of sins. But this demand is not made upon it. Stories preponderate, and although they are all good, we wish that there were more articles that reflect the intellectual life of the college.”—*Tileston Topics*.

What do our fellow-students think of these criticisms of our Magazine? Since other magazines have been kind enough to give us their opinion of “the Magazine,” we would certainly like a little more consideration from our very “own folks.” Do you think the above criticisms are just or unjust? Do you disagree with them in some respects? We would be very much obliged if you would write out your criticism of the Magazine and give it to us. When outsiders can take time to notice our Magazine, it is high time we Normal girls did ourselves. Read the exchanges and form your opinions.

We want, not just our own girls' views, but everybody's, and we wish to thank the exchanges which have honored us. It makes you feel good to be talked about, whether the criticism is favorable or otherwise, and we hope to profit by such friendly advice as we receive. Please let us hear what you think, everybody!







## Y. W. C. A.

Mary Walters, '11, Cornelian

"Have you dressed your Y. W. C. A. doll yet?" was echoed through the halls for several weeks before the Christmas holidays. Much enthusiasm was caused by the plan of the Young Woman's Christian Association to send a box of dressed dolls to the Oxford Orphanage for Christmas. A prize was offered for the best dressed doll as an incentive to each girl to do her best. On December 16th our Y. W. C. A. held its annual bazaar in the Gymnasium. Nearly all of the dolls had been dressed and were arranged on a table for inspection. After careful consideration the selected judges reported their decision, which resulted in the presentation of a box of candy to each of two girls. The collection of dolls was really beautiful and we hope they gave joy and pleasure to the little orphans at Christmas time.

Another feature of Christmas preparation among our Y. W. C. A. members was the sending of Christmas greetings to other associations. These were on cards, decorated with a dainty holly design, the work of one of our girls. The greeting was:

"Our Y. W. C. A.  
To you today,  
Sends greetings true  
And wishes you  
May be happy and gay,  
This Christmas day.  
May pleasure, joy,  
And a spirit true,  
This Christmas bring  
To each of you."

Are we all sufficiently interested in the work of our Young Woman's Christian Association? If not, why? Possibly the most general cause for this lack of interest is the fact that we know too little about it. "Knowledge breeds interest;" there-

fore, in order to be interested in this work, we must know what is going on in the association.

Every single one of us can do something to help in the work carried on by the association. Few of us, if any, give anything compared to what we receive from the influence of it. It is the aim of our association to have every dormitory student a member of either a Bible class or a mission class, or both. Thus in joining one of these classes, we are not only receiving immense good to ourselves, but we are also aiding the association to attain its aims. We have now about two hundred and twenty-five names enrolled as Bible class members, and two hundred as members of mission classes. Let us increase these numbers.

Recently we have had as leaders of our Sunday evening services: Mrs. S. J. Alderman, Rev. E. K. McLarty, Rev. Faulkner, and Mr. Hill, a member of our faculty, all of whom gave us inspiring and helpful talks. The Devotional Committee has already planned to have others with us who will be a great help to us in our work for the new year.



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## Society Notes

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### With the Cornelians

Lelia White, '11, Cornelian

At the regular meeting of the Cornelian Literary Society, held December 9th, 1910, a farce entitled, "An Open Secret," was given. It was a bright little play portraying a humorous story and was presented with much skill. The most striking feature of the play was the local color brought out. It is a regular college play, and was originally written for and presented at Radcliff College. However, it was made more interesting when it was given a "Normal" setting. The familiar characters figuring in it, and the many college expressions, brought it close home to the audience. The little story running through the play shows the characteristic predicament that college girls get into. Elizabeth Pollard, as Madge Apthorp, played well the part of an interesting type of college girl. Generous and free-hearted to the highest degree, she spent the money, given her by adoring parents to fit up her room, for other purposes. When Mrs. Apthorp (Lena Green) made known that she intended to visit her daughter, the latter was in dismay as to what she should do. Writing to numerous outside friends, however, for room furnishings she soon felt easy on the subject. In the meantime her schoolmates had learned of her predicament and one day decided to furnish her room. After much disputing and hard work, the lively crowd of well-meaning friends fitted up the room. When the mother arrived with her younger daughter, a very curious, prying, wide-awake child, she was surprised at her other daughter's bad taste in fixing her room and much horrified when the rest of the furnishings, which happened to come at this time, were brought in. Madge was in a most deplorable state of mind, and she soon learned that the hardest part of a deceitful procedure was getting out of it. At last, when

pinned too close, she confessed to her mother that part of her money had gone for library books, part for entertaining her classmates, and the rest to the McIver Loan Fund. Her parent forgave her, knowing that the lesson had been a hard one.

The first regular meeting of the society in the new year occurred January 6th. The literary exercises consisted of an impromptu debate on the query: "Resolved, that it would be more beneficial to the college and Cornelian Literary Society to open said society." This being a live question among the students this year, the speeches and rejoinders were heard with special interest. The speakers on the affirmative side were Fay Davenport and Kate Styron. The negative was defended by Mary K. Brown and Alice Whitson. The affirmative side won.

### **With the Adelphians**

E. Rose Batterham, '11, Adelphian

At the regular meeting of the Adelphian Literary Society, on the evening of December 16th, 1910, the program for the literary exercises was divided in two parts. The life and works of O'Henry were discussed. Miss Pauline Whitley read a very interesting account of the author's life. This was followed by the reading of one of his famous short stories, by Miss Anna Newton. Miss Mary Winborne gave one of the few poems that O'Henry has left to us. A debate on the question, "Resolved, that the elective system should be adopted in our Southern colleges," formed the second part of the program. Those taking the affirmative side of the question were Misses Pattie Spruill and Leta Berry, those having the negative, Misses Elizabeth Bunch and Katharine Vernon. Much enthusiasm was shown in the debate, as the subject so definitely touched the life of the girls. Many took part in the irregular debate following. The decision of the judges was in favor of the negative.



# Among Ourselves

Marea Jordan, '11, Adelphian

On December 9th the annual senior play was presented in the college auditorium. Going back to the days of fairyland, they chose for their play this year the beloved heroine Cinderella and her fortunes, and that the audience was delighted with the wonderful changes wrought by the good god-mother was fully shown by the burst of applause when the ill-treated little kitchen maid came out from the fairy's hand in her trailing ball dress. Miss Frances Broadfoot took the part of Cinderella, with Miss Zora Hannah as the Prince. Miss Edith Lathan made "the hit of the evening" in the character of Cinderella's father, the Baron Modina, or, it might be more fitting to say, the husband of the Baroness Modina. The delight of the audience knew no bounds when the worm at last turned and the meek little Baron made the haughty stepmother and the two proud sisters quake. Of course everyone knew the delightful outcome of it all. The closing tableau, in which the Prince presents his chosen Princess, did justice to the well beloved old fairy story.

## The Sophomore-Freshman Debate

About two weeks before Christmas the Freshmen had their curiosity raised to the highest pitch, when some of the Sophomores told them that before many days they would have a visit from a little Jap. Their curiosity was satisfied when, in response to an invitation from the Sophomore Class, they entered the dining-hall on Saturday night, January 7th. They could scarcely believe their own eyes when they saw that the whole hall had been transformed into a perfect bower of ever-green, with pink, white, red, and yellow chrysanthemums. They must have thought they had suddenly been lifted across



the great Pacific and placed in one of the flower gardens of sunny Japan. Japanese lanterns hanging here and there gave a soft and delightful effect to the whole scene. The many rugs and sofa pillows scattered over the floor in a "delightful confusion" presented a view of tempting coziness, and in a short while the guests (including the faculty) were seated among them in merry groups.

A chattering bevy of little Japs served tea in dainty Japanese cups. Judging from the sounds which greeted the ears of those who were not so fortunate as to be present, everyone had cast away the cares of the day and entered heartily into the spirit of the happy occasion. The Freshmen were soon to meet the little Jap of whom they had heard so much. The idea was carried out very effectively when Miss Gladys Avery read the story of a little Jap who came to America and met some of the Freshmen. His questions and their answers were the titles of some of the popular songs of today.

The souvenirs, little jewelry boxes with "1914" engraved upon them, were given out in a very unique way. The little college express cart was decorated in green and white and served as a jinrikisha. This was drawn by two Japs, while one little Jap sat in the cart and handed out the souvenirs.

After cream and cake had been served, a beautiful pantomime was given by thirty-six of the Sophomores, who were dressed as Japanese ladies. The main feature of the pantomime, and the one which most delighted every Freshman heart, was the fact that upon entering the room the Japs formed lines in the shape of "1914."

Throughout the evening the college orchestra helped to make the entertainment one of pleasure, long to be remembered by every Freshman, as well as the other guests present.

C. M.



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## In Lighter Vein

Clyde Fields, '12, Cornelian

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### A Backward Glance at Examinations

They're coming at an early date,  
To make us cram and jam our pate  
And mournfully await our fate,—  
Examinations!

They make us burn the midnight oil,  
They make us labor, sweat, and toil,  
And wish we could our teachers foil,—  
Examinations!

Perhaps we once looked very trim,  
But now we all look pale and thin;  
I really think they are a sin,—  
Examinations!

They surely take a lot of pluck,  
And then our minds get all amuck,  
We simply have to trust to luck,—  
Examinations!

No doubt when young we got some licks,  
But we've never been in such a fix  
As when reports come out, and there's—a six.  
Examinations!!

I wish I were a Hottentot,  
And lived in some secluded spot,  
Where thro' the ages there come not  
Examinations.

M. K. B.

Nan L. (talking earnestly to one of the girls): "Hulda, is your friend *Mrs. Smith* married?"

Pauline P. (to her roommate): "Ione, what do you read in Sophomore Latin?"

Ione: "Æneid."

Pauline: "Well, Ione, when do you read Vergil?"

Eunice L. (shopping with Thelma L.): "Thelma, I am going to buy a tie for father and you come on down street—I will be at one of the haberdasher stores."

Thelma, coming on a little later, said to one of the girls: "Can you tell me where Mr. Haberdasher's is?"

Sallie L: "Well, girls, I have to go to the fifth period consolation on English."

M. B. (looking at a 1911 pennant): "I wonder if that is the Sophomore or Junior class?"

Bryan Duffy (a little eight-year-old boy visiting the college and talking with Miss Kirkland): "What kind of animals do you have in the park?"

Miss Kirkland: "Not any but girls."

Bryan: "I would like to go down there, for I am sure I could find a *dear*."

**N** is for normal temperament each ought to possess,  
**O** for originality in which some lack, I guess,  
**R** stands for rules which determine our fate,  
**M** for meals to which some always are late,  
**A** is for announcements that in chapel are made,  
**L** for the learning of students very staid.

Mr. Matheson (in Senior Pedagogy): "Miss Batterham, can you form a mental picture of Grandfather (Mountain)?"

Miss Batterham (absent-mindedly): "Why, I haven't one."

**Magazine Troubles**

“Try not to grace the Magazine,  
With your shallow wit;  
Try not to grace the Magazine,  
For you cannot honor it:  
Bright and helpful it should be ever,  
Full of witty things and clever,—  
You cannot help in this.”  
Thus you argue with yourself,  
And lay your contribution on the shelf,  
Unwilling to submit it.  
But the editors still urge  
That you write a story, dirge,  
Anything, in fact, will do,  
Just to help the number through.  
So at last you really try;  
Rack your brain as days pass by;  
Write, tear up, and write again;  
At last conclude it’s all in vain.  
But it’s not all over, soon you see,  
A contribution in must be.  
You try and try, and try again;  
You think and think, almost in vain.  
At last you have something,  
You know it won’t do;  
It’s worthless you feel,  
Straight through and through.  
The editors will laugh,  
But you’ve done your best;  
You hand it in,—  
They do the rest.

*Kate Owen.*

## ORGANIZATIONS

### Marshals

Chief—Frances Bryan Broadfoot, Cumberland County

#### Cornelian

Myrtle B. Johnston, Washington County  
Antoinette Black, New Hanover County  
Bessie Bennett....Rockingham County  
May Green ..... Davie County  
Louise Gill ..... Scotland County

#### Adelphian

Huldah Slaughter .... Wayne County  
Minnie Littman ..... Rowan County  
Catharine Jones ..... Durham County  
Ethel Skinner ..... Pitt County  
Leah Boddie ..... Durham County

### Societies

Cornelian and Adelphian Literary Societies—Secret Organizations

#### Students' Council

Frances Broadfoot ..... President    May Green ..... Vice-President  
Mary Tennent ..... Secretary

#### Senior Class

Lelia White ..... President    Natalie Nunn ..... Critic  
Margaret Pickett .... Vice-President    Katherine Norfleet ..... Secretary  
Ada Viele ..... Historian    Antoinette Black ..... Treasurer  
Lelia White ..... Poetess    Zannie Koonce ..... Statistician  
Frances Broadfoot ... Last Will and Testament

#### Junior Class

Rebecca Herring ..... President    Claudia Cashwell ..... Secretary  
Amy Joseph ..... Vice-President    Mary Van Pool ..... Treasurer

#### Sophomore Class

Florence Hildebrand ..... President    Carrie Toomer ..... Secretary  
Gertrude Griffin ..... Vice-President    Pattie Spurgeon ..... Treasurer

#### Freshman

Annie Sugg ..... President    Sallie Boddie ..... Secretary  
Maud Bunn ..... Vice-President    Fannie Starr Mitchell ..... Treasurer

#### Y. W. C. A.

Natalie Nunn ..... President    Pauline Whitley ..... Secretary  
Myrtle Johnston ..... Vice-President    Mary K. Brown ..... Treasurer

#### Athletic Association

Catherine Jones ..... President    Irene McConnell .. V.-Pres., Freshman  
Annie Louise Wills .. V.-Pres., Senior    Ivor Aycock ..... Secretary  
May Green ..... V.-Pres., Junior    Mattie Morgan ..... Treasurer  
Christian Rutledge, V.-P., Sophomore    Margaret Wilson ..... Critic



# Young Ladies!

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